

THE
RAKE:

OR, THE
Isbertine's Religion.

A
POEM.

ECCLES. XI. Verse ix.

Rejoyce, O Young Man, &c.

Trabit sua quemque Voluptas.

L O N D O N,
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THE
RAKE
OF THE

Libertine & Reformer

P O F M

FOUNDED BY

JOHN O'NEILL

Printed for the Proprietor

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at the ...

THE PREFACE.

Living) We desire our Reader to believe, was a very feeling Compiler of the following Discourse, and as being too Zealous a Homager of the above-named Image-work, and one who has not only bent his Knee, but laid his Bones by it: As such, we are the bolder to Recommend the Work as the Labour of so hearty an Artist.

This Piece therefore as containing our mad Rover's own Memoires, or rather his own Effigies in Miniature, he has made bold to Frontispiece it with a short Fragment of Canonical Flouish: a little half-Text of Scripture, viz. Rejoyce, O young Man, being truly as much as was required for his Purpose, and therefore curtail'd accordingly. But indeed the Libertine's Oracle being spirited by another sort of Enthusiasm, a very small Pittance of Book-Inspiration, (and that too cramp'd and warp'd to their own Bent) serves their Turn.

A Libertine, that John Galloper that lights Life at both Ends, that drives like Phaeton, and generally drops like him too; by the Impulse of his Religion, looks up to Heaven for no other expected Blessing from it, but its Rain and its Sunshine, and considers the whole Creation as only his Garden and Confectionary, and the God of it as no more than his Providore. As such is his Religion, his whole Prayers have but this single Article, viz. Give us this Day our daily Riot; and his Thanksgivings are according; that is, if he has any. For looking upon All Things, the whole Product of Nature, as no less than his Right and Due, he considers the Ceremonial Complement of Thanks and Gratitude as an unnecessary Supererogation.

However to do Justice to our departed Author, the Rover held not out to his Catastrophe; we must declare he made his Exit to the World under some true Pangs of Conversion: And the Libertine dying first, he lived to write his own El-gy, to subscribe his Farewel to his falling Dagon, and to build new Altars to a fairer Divinity: And as such, you will find this Posthumous Piece, the Product of a double Conception: The Libertine Begins, but the Protestant Concludes.

T H E
LIBERTINE.

ECCLES. XI. Verse ix.

Rejoyce, O Young Man, &c.

R Ejoyce; — and so I will ; for *now's* the time,
While I am *Healthful, Young, and in my Prime;*
While *blooming Nature* sports within my
And *Tides of Wealth* around me flow, (Veins,
And I can all the *Charming Pleasures* know,
Which most *Officious Gold* can show.
Now I am loose from th' *Adamantine Chains*
Of *Poverty*, and all those dreaded *Ills;*
The Thought of which my Soul with Horror fills.
But why should such intruding Thoughts molest,
The pleasing *Revels* of my *Breast* ?

Hence, hence, ye *Bugbears*, I am free,
 And will enjoy my much-lov'd *Liberty*,
 Tho' *Musty Morals* teach the contrary.

I I.

How Grave those *Dons* of mighty *Beards* appear,
 (For round their *Chins* their *Wisdom* lies)
 Who Youthful Joys perswade me to forbear!
 How all their *crabbed Lectures* I despise!

Alas, their youthful days are o're;
 And now, because they can perform no more,
 Look mighty dull, and so seem mighty wise.
 It is resolved, no plausible Pretence
 Shall fright me from the dear *Delight of Sence*.
 For why, ye *Learned Sots*, from Bounteous *Heaven*,
 To Man was *Appetite to Pleasure* given?
 Ye cannot say, 'twas for a *Curse* design'd.

No, no, the most *Transporting Blessing*
 Of *wishing* first, and then *Possessing*,
 Was ordered for the Good of all Mankind.
 Shall I before a Table sit,
 Fill'd with the *Dainties* of a *choice Repast*,
 To gratifie the *Eye*, but more the *Taste*?

And

And shall my *Friend*, when I my self prepare,
 To Feast upon his dainty Fare,
 Unkindly then command me not to eat?
 It is determin'd, while my *Youth* holds out,
 And Time is in the present *Tense*,
 I most industriously will try,
 In *Pleasures* great *Variety*,
 To taste the *Marrow*, and the *Quintessence*,
 Which can be found in all the *Foys* of *Sense*.
 But when in Age, the *Palsie*, *Stone*, or *Gout*
 Shall wrack my *Limbs*, (*which Heaven forbid*) I then
 Perhaps may rail at *Pleasure*, like these Men;
 And tho' all *Foys* have left me far behind,
 I'll ~~show~~ the *Cudd* of *Pleasure* in my Mind,
 And so at least in *Thought* I will be *Young* again.

I I I.

But tush——let all such hideous Thoughts begon,
 I've other things to think upon;
 Let me contrive the means, whereby I may
 With greatest *Satisfaction* and *Delight*,
 Lengthen the winged hours of *welcome Day*,
 And while away, th'as *welcome Ones* of *Night*.
 Who can describe the *Pleasures*, which attend
 A fair *kind She*, a *Bottle*, and a *Friend*?

How they divide the Empire of our Souls,
 While each with grateful Tyranny controuls:
 When I've all day in *Pleasure's* Circle run,
 (*Pleasures* which only to the *Wits* are known,) *at*
 At Night in *Sylvia's*, or in *Ghloe's* Arms,
 Am lockt secure from any Mortal harms.
 While *Plodding Sots* all day on measures think,

(If they to *thinking* can pretend)
 To save the *Trash* they have no heart to spend
 With *Women*, *Wits*, and *Soul-inspiring Drink*.

I push the tedious *Minutes* on;
 And when the present *Day* is gone,
 My Mind a Stranger both to Care and Sorrow,
 Longs for the Joys of the Approaching Morrow.

I V.
Jack Wildblood come, my *Levie* to attend,
Tom Ramble too—my Dear, and Bosom Friend.

But see *Ned Hopeful* makes Approach,
 More than half *Crop-sick* with last Nights *Debauch*;
Will. Friendly comes, as sure a *Card* as e're
 Took *Bumpers* off at *Vintner's Bar*.

Hah!—my two *Twins* of *Clinch* and *Repartee*,
 Are come from *Will's* to wait on me.

Welcome,

Welcome, dear *Rogues*, thrice welcome to you all;
 Oh I could hugg you with such force,
 Till my Soul clove to ev'ry one of Yours.
 Let's joyn our *Lips*, at least our *Cheeks*,
 Come, come, my *Friends*, I'll not allow
 A *sullen Look*, or *Clouded Brow*;
 Of all known *Pleasures*, let us loose the Reins,
 And try by some exalted Strains,
 To be as merry as the *Antient Greeks*.

V.

Come, let us leave this Smoaky House,
 And at next *Tavern* take a large *Carouse*;
 A large *Carouse* to spur us on,
 To do what never yet was done,
 By *Antient Hector*, or by *Modern Rake*,
 Some Daring Action, which may be
 Recorded to Posterity;
 A Deed, which shall with Terrour make,
 The *Sons of Midnight*, wrapt in Flannel, quake.
Frightning of Cullies, and *Bumbasting Whores*,
VVringing off Knockers, and from *Posts and Doors*,
Rubbing out Milk-Maids, and some other Scores,

Scowring

*Scouring the Watch, or Rearing in the Streets,
Lamp-blackening Signs, with divers other Feats,
Are low Mechanick Actions, most unfit
For Us, the Sons of Fancy, Sense and Wit.*

Oh, may the God of Wine inspire
Our Souls with some uncommon Fire;
That when the Grapes bewitching Fume
Has thinking Reason overcome;

Let loose to wild Extravagance we may
Such a bold Action do, that all Mankind,
When they have heard the Deed, may wond'ring say,
What Men in Devil's Shapes this thing have wrought?
How could this Frolick enter in the Thought?
Solewd, they've even beyond Damnation sinn'd.

V I

To Morrow, (if Tradition do not lye).

Is my Birth's Anniversary,
Which has with solemn Joy been kept,
Since first from my Indulgent Mothers Womb,
(Nature's most curious working Room)

Into this World of Jollity I stept.

To morrow then, my Noble Friends, I crave
Your Company, to honour my poor Treat,

Though

Though Water, Earth and Air, ranfackt I have,
 To purchafe what the Nicest Stomachs eat :
 But what in *Pleasure* Eating does deny,
 Most Noble *Liquids* shall the want fupply.
 The richeft *Wines*, e're yet by Money bought,
 Or to *Judicious Tasts* were ever brought,
 I have procured a num'rous Store ;
 Wine, which as yet has fcap'd the Claws
 Of the Adulterating *Vintner's* Paws :
 But *fine*, and *true*, as from the *Grape* it came ;
 The very fight on't will furprize,
 And tempt as much as *Calia's* Eyes ;
 And if the Looks do this, how will the Taste inflame ?
 Of which, when each of us has drunk
 About an Hundred *Healts*, or fo,
 To this kind *She*, and that obliging *Punk*,
 Our living Friends, remembering thofe that are
 Stept out of Life, (*we know not where.*)
 Behold, you fhall another fhew,
 And 'tis, my Friends, fo fine a fight,
 As might the *very Gods* invite,
 To leave a while their *Glittering Seats* on high,
 To come, and Revel with *Mortality*.

It is a mighty *Punch-Bowl*, Broad and Deep;
 Fill'd to the Brim, with such a Juice,
 As can in Men, half Dead, new Life infuse,
 In which, what living Mortal would refuse:
 To *soak his Soul*, and lay his Cares to sleep:
 Round it we'll sit, and various *Healts* we'll drink,
 Till we have lost the very Power to think.
 Then when wild Notions, fanciful and vain,
 Shall float within the Regions of the Brain;
 And with *Copernicus* we shall suppose,
 The World runs round, because our Heads do so.
 When the Bowl finds an Ebb, and each one grows
 So wise, his *Right-hand Man* he does not know:

It must not then be said, that we,
 By *Drink* were overcome; for then,
 We levell'd are with common Men;

Drunkenness is not known to *Gentlemen*,
 Ours was all *Trance*, or else a kind of *Ecstasie*.

V.II.

Since we must part, my *dearest Friends*, adieu;
 But let me beg that you would not forget,
 Where we to morrow are to meet.
 Now *Time's a Drug*, and lyes upon our Hands,

What

What shall I do ? or, Whither shall I go ?

In strange suspense, each Thought within me stands :

What, *if a while I study*, — Oh ! the Thought

Has a cold Sweat upon me brought.

Study, — What ! Turn dull musty Authors o're,

And upon dusty Volumes pore ?

No, no, let *School-Boys*, *Priests*, and *Lawyers* read,

And those, whose Studies purchase them their Bread.

To spend my time, I better Methods know ;

For since I read my *Primmer* o're,

Thinking's the thing I most abhor :

Nor have I for this Twenty Years, or more,

Read any thing, except it were

A *Song*, *Play*, *Novel*, or *Lampoon*.

But still I know not how nor where,

To spend this Lovely Afternoon.

If to the *Park* I go, there's nothing there

That's *Tempting*, *Beautiful*, and *Fair* ;

Since *Ladies* must abhor a place,

Which by lewd Custom now is grown,

The *Rendezvous* of half the *Mob* in Town,

Where *Footmen*, with the Greasie *Cook-Maids* walk,

And *Low-priz'd Cracks* in *Masks*, with *Cullies* talk ;

'Tis these have brought the *Mell* in such Disgrace.

Nor are the Walks of all the *Inns of Court*,
 Free from this Vermin's lewd resort.

At last I've thought out where to go,

I'll to the *Play-House* haste, and there

I shall a *First-Rate Bean* appear.

For while the *Ladies* at my *Rigging* gaze,

The Envy of the *Dressing Sparks* I raise;

Who oft approve of what they will not praise.

The Play begun, in Corner of the *Pit*,

Close by some well-dress'd *Vizor Mask*, I sit;

And Ten to One in *private League*,

But she and I contrive some *sweet Intrigue*;

We never mind what on the *Stage* is done,

Nor care we if the *House* with *Clapps* or *Hissings* shake.

If we have so much *Patience* as to stay,

To the conclusion of the *Play*:

Taking a *Coach*, away we drive,

To *House of Entertainment*, where

The *Business* of our *Joys* we soon contrive,

If I can think the *Nymph* but *Young* and *Fair*.

But if her *Face* or *Humour* I dislike,

My *Courtship* I can soon give o're.

Then with the little *Disappointment* sick,

With

[II]

With honest *Ned* or *Tom*, or who I find,
With a full *Glass*, I ease my Mind,
And think of Jilting *Woman-kind* no more.

VIII.

No more — *Good Heav'n*, forbid the thought,
As well to live I may forbear,
As not the Joys of *Women* share:
Those *Luscious Creatures*, whom the *Heav'nly* Pow'rs
Made to delight us in *Life's* tedious Hours;
Without whom, *Life* a Burthen were,
How oft have I been Captive caught
By this *Nymph's* humour, by another's Dress;
One's *Face* insnares, and t'other's *Wit* no less,
Such different Charms the *Sex* possess.
For there was never yet a *Woman* known,
If into Years she was not grown,
But had a Charm or two for me;
Not that a *Woman's* Slave I e're will be.
I can love strongly for an Hour,
As the Fit takes, perhaps a Day or more:

But none of all the *Female Train*,
 Did to a Month e're yet extend her Reign.
 No, no, my Heart shall ever be
 Open to each *new Face* I see,
 And I will Revel in my *dear Below'd Variety*.

I X.

How from my Soul, I pity those poor *Slaves*,
 Doom'd to the *Drudgery of a Wife*;
 Who, when they might be free, by pious *Knaves*,
 Are sentenc'd to Confinement, during Life.
 How was the *Cheat* impos'd on Man at first,
 That *Two* should willingly be doubly curst:
 That in *One She*, I bound my wild *Desires*,
 And vow for ever to maintain *Love's Fires*;
 Tho' the first *Month* perhaps the *Flame* expires.
 A *Bondage*, far more cruel than was felt
 By *Jews*, when they in *Egypt's* Bondage dwelt.
 Increase and Multiply the *Earth*,
 Was the first Blessing *Heav'n* bestow'd,
 No Bounds to that Command were then allow'd:
 But our *fore-Fathers* multiplied their kind,
 On whom they pleas'd, not to *one She* confin'd;

Their

Their Appetites by Nature's dictates mov'd,
 They *look'd*, they *lik'd*, and whom they *lik'd* they *lov'd*.
 What barbarous Age to Marriage then gave Birth,
 That cursed Noose, that *Antidote to Love*:
 For were my Mistress *Beautiful* and *Fair*,

As we imagine that the *Angels* are ;
 And were she so with Riches, blest by Fate,
 That she scarce knew the end of her Estate.
 (On slavish Souls, how strong these Charms would move)
 'Tis own'd, I would enjoy her, might we be,
 As we were born, and as our Thoughts are free:

But if *she* never must be mine,
 Unless her *Hand* in *Holy Rites* I'd joyn,
 By *Heav'n*, the *Gilded Baby* I'd resign.
 I hate 'bove all things to be Bought and Sold,
 And would not wear a Fetter, tho' of Gold.

X.

The Thoughts of *Marriage*, how it turns my Brains,
 Which Thousand Mischiefs for one Good contains ;

Fit only for the Plodding Sot,
 Who cause his Sire in Wedlock him begot,
 Therefore he'll follow in the same dull trot :

Or those *tame Fools*, who every day by turns,
Are blest with *Gilded*, or *ungilded Horns*.

But see, to chase these Thoughts away,
In a loose *Dress*, just like the *Queen of Love*,
My *Mistress* hither does her Footsteps move:
Cosmelia Wanton, Careless, Young and Gay,
Come to my Arms, of all thy Sex, the best,
And let me kiss thy *warm and downy Breast*;
In killing Raptures I'll thy *Wast* entwine,
And strive to joyn my very Soul with thine.
I feel soft *Love* is creeping in each Vein,
I cannot one short Minute more refrain,
So strong the Passion is, so fierce the pain.
Come then, *Cosmelia*, to my dark *Alcove*,
And in the most endearing Pleasure prove,
That none but such as we know how to Love.

X I.

She's gone——but yet my *Transports* are not o're,
I hug her still in *Effigie*;

And tho' she's fled, her Image still I see.

Divineſt Creature, whose *Embrace*,
I still above all Earthly *Pleasures* place:
Which when with thee compar'd are Spiritless & Poor.

Bay,

Boy, bring a Bottle of the *choicest Wine*,
 Such as the *Gods* drink, when they would discourse
 Of their *Intrigues*, and high *Amours*.

For in the Amorous Combat, I have lost
 Some Spirits, which must again recruited be ;
 Tis as I wisht, a *Liquor half Divine*,
 See in the *Glass* the *Atoms* dance and shine.
 No mortal sure can of more *Pleasures* boast,
 For *Wine* and *Women* do by turns supply
 The Cravings of my Appetite.

Where is the Man that is more blest than I ?
 While all my Hours I spend in soft Delight ;
 I laugh at all those Pious Fools,
 By *Priest-craft* cheated, lead their Lives by Rules.

XII.

What ails me ?—sure I am not well,
 My Thoughts are on the sudden grown
 Tumultuous ; yet the cause I cannot tell,
 A sullen *Damp* has seiz'd my Soul,
 And I'm uneasy whilst alone.
 What can it be, which thus destroys
 The Relish of my former Joys ?

And

And makes me with a strange Affright,
 Remember former past *Delight* :
 I think I'm not *Bewitch'd* nor *mad*,
 What then should make me now so sad?
 Perhaps 'tis *Conscience*, with her *croaking Voice*,
 That in my Breast has made this mighty Noise :
 The Name I've often heard, 'tis true,
 But ne're till now its Office knew.
 If it be that which thus does howl,
 I'll quickly silence her *unwelcome Chat*,
 And *Wine*, and *Company*, and *Play*,
 Shall chase the *Evil Spirit* away :
 I'll hear no more her canting Stuff.
 But if she does me to the *Tavern* follow,
 While I large *Brimmers* swallow :
 If she'll be brib'd, she shall have *Wine* enough.
 Troublesome *Fiend*, such Michiefs to create :
 But 'tis resolv'd, if thy tormenting Clack
 Can silenced be, or laid asleep,
 Store of the strongest *VVines* thou shalt not lack ;
 While I without thy noise will choicest *Pleasures* reap.

[17]
X I I I.

All will not do, I find 'tis but in vain,

T' appease this new rais'd Hurricane.

The more the Storm I strove t' oppose,

The higher still the Billows rose;

Nor would the Fiend be quell'd,

Tho' I tall mighty Bumpers fill'd

Nor will her Noise be overcome

With all the Wine in Christendom.

I am alone, Dejected, and at home.

And now it more outrageous grows,

Fain would it speak, what yet I fear,

Would not be grateful to my Ear.

Am I a Coward? Shall it ere be said,

I of a puling Conscience am afraid?

Speak then, if such thou art; I bid thee speak,

And all thou lab'rest with, disclose;

I'll freely bear thy Whip, thy Sting, thy Check,

Tho' what th' Event may be, Heav'n only knows.

X I V.

In a grave Tone his Conscience then begins;

Mistake me not, young Man, I was not sent

To be your Plague or Punishment;

But as a Monitor to warn you of your Sins:

Had you a *vertuous course* pursu'd,
 And not been *vicious, vain, or lewd* ;
 From me no Trouble you should e're receive :

'Tis you the *Whips and Axes* give.
 And I who was your *Counsellor* design'd,
 A kind of *Executioner* you find :

The *Strokes and Lashes* which you feel
 From me, were order'd all by *Heaven*,

To be in *Love*, not *Anger*, given ;
 To make you think of that, and not be fond of *Hell*.

X V.

Think not the Word a *Bugbear* made by *Priests*,

Or craftily invented by some *Law*,
 To keep the *Headstrong Multitude* in aw.

I know how much you, who would *Wits* be thought,
 Into Contempt all serious Things have brought :

Religion serves to make you thousand *Jests* ;

And when your Heads with *Wine* are full,
 Too oft the *Majesty of Heav'n* you *ridicule*.

Think you his *Justice* will for ever sleep ?

Such *vile Affronts* will he for ever bear,
 From *crawling Dust and Ashes*, as you are ?

'Tis very strange that you should disbelieve,
 The Being of a *Place*, which ev'ry Day

You

You wish, in *Oaths* and *Curses*, would receive
 Your *Souls* and *Bodies*. But your ready Plea
 Is that, *They're only words of course, which slip*
Sometimes between the Cup and Lip;
And that you hope of such Mistakes,
That Heav'n at all no notice takes.

But let not *Sin* too long deceive,
 And of your *Noblest Faculties*, your *Soul* bereave:
 For as you sow, the very same you'll reap,
 And *Vengeance* will be sure, altho it seem to creep.

X V I.

Are you so sworn to *Company* and *Drink*,
 As not to find *One leisure Hour* to think?
 But that you cannot, nay you dare not do:
 Your *Mind* would find you then, and represent
 Your *Crimes* in *lively Colours*, to your view.
 For when the *serious Thoughts* approach,
 You stifle 'em in *lewd Debauch*.

But since I find you are dispos'd to hear,
 Pray let me whisper something in your Ear.

X V I I.

Can you suppose, or did you er'e believe,
 You were for nothing else design'd,
 Only for *Pleasures* fake to live?

And

And taste no Joy, but what in Sense you find?
 If so, then ev'ry Brute you view,
 Is happier by far than you;

They have no Love nor hatred, Joy nor Sorrow,
 Nor have the anxious Thoughts about the Morrow.
 Many than Man have Lives of longer date,
 Their Senses too are far more delicate.

No no, above the Beasts you're lift in Thought,
 Tho Vice has Man below their Order brought.
 If for some higher end you were assign'd,
 Call up the Noblest Powers of your Mind;
 Act first your Reason, humbly then believe,
 And let your Passions on new Objects fall.

But oh in vain, in vain I call,
 The Soul is buried down so deep in Vice,
 It has no Power to act, no Power to rise.

X V I I I.

Accurs'd Vice,——what Magick dost thou use,

That Man should thy hard Service chuse?
 How willingly he labours for his Ruin,
 And Toils and Sweats still for his own undoing.
 How strangely some Iniquity have plow'd,
 Forc'd to make Brick, when Straw was not allow'd.
 Tho all the Wages in this Life she pays,

Her *Slaves*, are *Pain*, *Want*, *Poverty*, *Disgrace* ;
 What *Tortures* in the other Life they feel,

No Thought can guess, no Tongue can tell.
 Could we survey the Mansions of the Dead,

How many Millions should we find,
 Whom *Lust*, *Intemperance*, *Revenge*, and *Pride*,
 Thither in Blooming Years have sent—beside ;
 The Living here in *Magick Chains* are led,
 That they no Mischief see, and will be blind ;
 And from their *Lethargy*, not thousands wake,
 Till they are plung'd into the *Burning-Lake*.

X I X.

All I have said, *Young Man*, will be in vain,
 If still your Prejudice you will maintain

Against *Religion* ; and believe
It is a Trick invented to deceive,
 What with it cunning Men have done ;
 (Which Juggles Mouths of *Atheists* serves to fill.)

It does not therefore follow still,
 That there is no such thing at all :
 Its Principles examine, search its Rules,
 Which when impartially weigh'd, you'll own,
 Those who its Dictates slight, are very *Fools*.

Commands it any thing, but what we must
 Confess for our own good, is just?
 If to be Temperate and Chast,
 And not the Oyl of Life, on Wine and Women wast;
 Be not by far to be preferr'd,
 Than running blindfold with the vicious Herd;
 Let Folly take the Chair, and Sense and Reason fall.

X X.

Besides, forbids it any thing,
 But what to Body, Soul, or Name,
 Does Ruin and Destruction bring?
 On Vice Diseases do themselves entail,
 Which first or last, to visit will not fail.
 Gouts, Palsies, Dropsies, do the Drunkard rack,
 Nor wants the Letcher Pains in Shins and Back.
 How much disturb'd do the Revengesul sleep?
 And with what Fear to Gold do Misers creep?
 Vice ever to it self uneasie was,
 While Vertue's always calm, and still the same.
 These are the Roads of Infamy or Fame,
 And you are free to chuse which Path you please.

X X I.

But above all, think, should you still go on,
 And *Vice* by Custom be habitual grown;
 And *End at last will come*, and then you'll wish
 You ne'r had cry'd to my *Advices*, — *pish*.

You're young, and *Youth* will quickly slide away:
 Nay, *Death* perhaps may find you, ere this Day
 Give place to Night: & think then, with *Horror* think,
 What the Event will be: — and do not cherish
 The Thought, you die just like the *Beasts* that perish.
 No, no, above, there will a *Judgment* pass,

On all the *Actions* here you've done:

The *Judge* will not be *brib'd*, and I'm no less
 Against you than a *thousand Witnesses*.

When it is prov'd how much you've broke the *Laws*,
 Where is your *Advocate* to plead your *Cause*?

But yet, dear *Youth*, as yet 'tis not too late,
 Repent — with *Shame*, with *Horror*, and *Regret*,
 On your past *Life* look on, and never more,
 No, not in *Thought*, at former *Vices* ore.

Heav'n's

Heav'n's blessing crave each Morning when you rise ;
Without it venture not to close your Eyes.

Be Temperate, be Chast, be Just, and Wise.

This will a Heav'nly Mansion for you get.

But above all, do not this Rule forget ;

Repent betimes, before your Sun of Youth is set.

You're young, and Time will quickly slide away :

May, Days perhaps may find you ere the Day

Give place to Night. *S. think now what you think*

What the Event will be : — and how to spend

The Thought, you die just like the rest of men.

No, no, above, there will a Judgment wait.

On all the Actions here you've done :

The Judge will not be divid'd, and I'm no less

Against you than the Lord himself.

When it is need W

Fatal Friendship; Or, The Drunkard's Misery: A Satyr

against that pernicious and dangerous Vice of Hard Drink-

ing. Written (by way of Essay) by a young Gentleman, a little be-

fore his Death; who lately fell an unhappy Sacrifice to the Bottle.

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